

# DOCTOR WHO

## WASTE NOT

PART ONE

Now this is what I call a rubbish planet...

... Just look at this place. What a mess!

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Phew! Where are we, exactly?

This is the planet Zetheda. It's the year 3,474,691 AD slash Kanga-Bartholomew.

Which means what, in plain English?

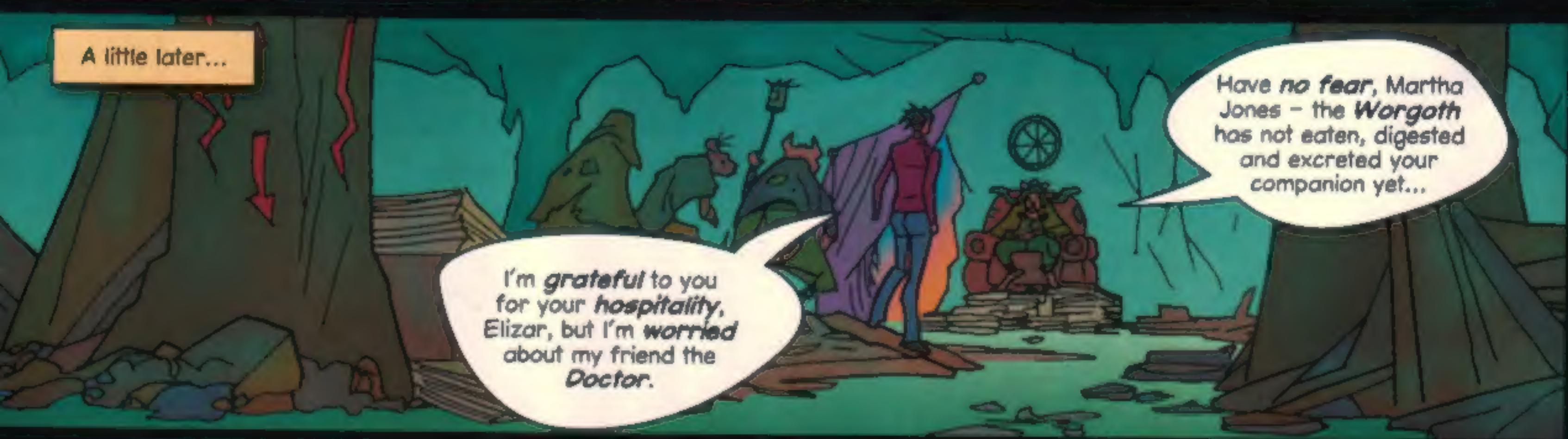
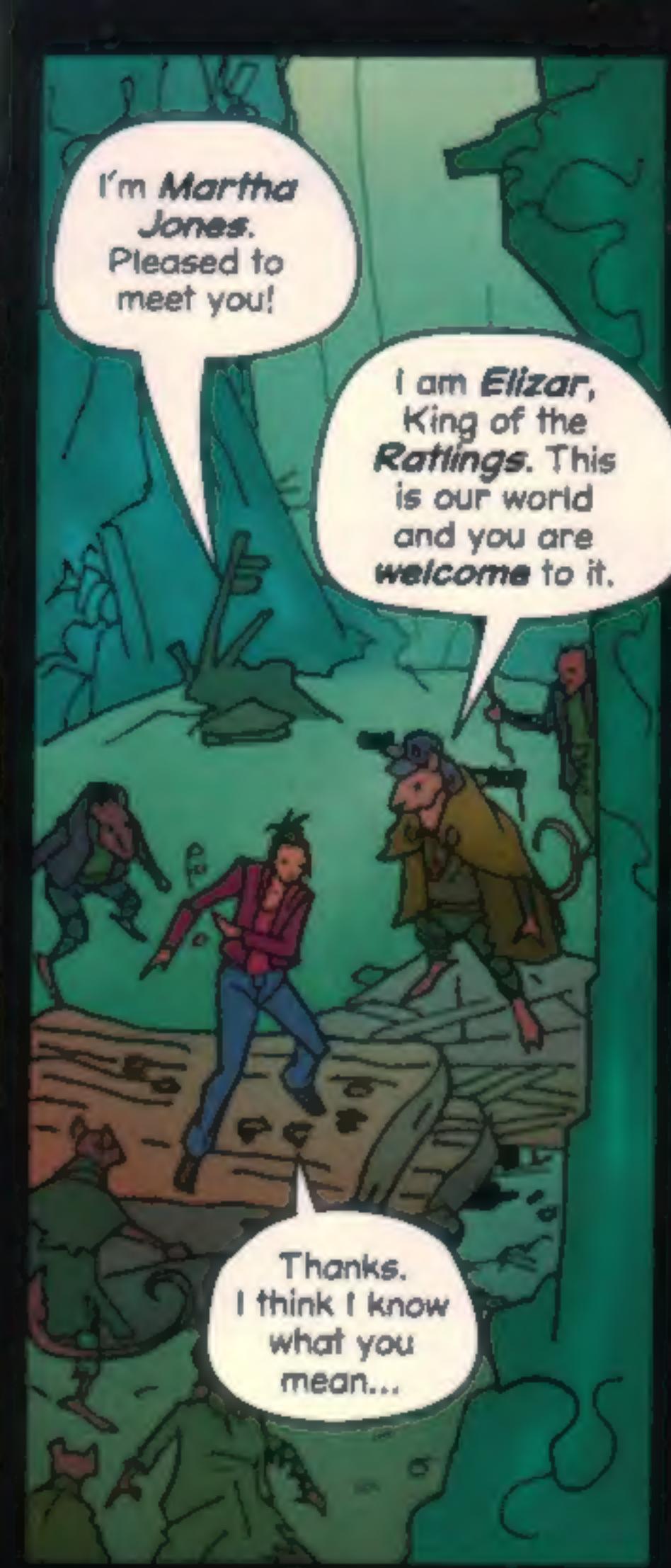
That we're a long, long way into your future... but clearly not long enough for people to have learnt what to do with their waste.

Can't be bothered recycling, so they just dump it here instead. This whole world's buried in the rubbish from nearby planets.

So it's a *galactic landfill site*. And it *smells* like one. What, precisely, are we doing here?

The TARDIS detected an inexplicable power source near here. I'm curious, that's all...





Your majesty, there's no need for any punishment... let me show you what I have found. I think you'll be impressed!

I'd better. It's been ages since I watched anyone suffering from a good jumble sale.

Soon...

What is it?

It is the Great Orb of Refuse – the holiest item of Ratlings' idolatry.

Actually it's an old interstellar distress beacon.

It's all that remains of a crashed spaceship. I'd say it's been here for close on ten thousand years... and it's still functional.

That's Earth technology for you – built to last!

Earth technology? What's it doing down here with the Ratlings' ancient artefacts?

But what happened to the survivors?

You're looking at them – human beings who have lived down here in the trash of Zetheda for thousands of years. They've evolved into the Ratlings.

This isn't a chamber of refuse, Martha – it's a chamber of refuge. The survivors of the crash must have installed it in the hope of somebody picking up the distress call one day.

Whatever we were... is ancient history. This planet belongs to the Ratlings.

I have led my people for **many** years, Doctor. We have **everything** we need here. Our only natural predators are the **Worgoth**, but we have learned to live with them.

Yet I fear things are about to **change**. Recently the **Great Orb of Refuse** has begun to glow... you are a **clever man**, Doctor. Do you know what this means?

I've a pretty good idea, Elizar... the distress beacon has been **activated**. Someone's picked up the signal and **responded**.

And now it's sending out a **homing beam** - leading them right here.

Is this the **power source** the TARDIS detected?

Nah, can't be. Not nearly powerful enough.

My lord! A **strange metal beast** has appeared in the over-sky!

Metal beast?

Spaceship. Whoever's responded to this distress beacon - they've arrived.

More visitors - more strangers. What should we do?

Say hello, of course. Come on!

